



TEA-MODES FOR THE BEST PEOPLE.

[The Daily Express has let out that tea-aprons—"dainty little trifles of silk or brocade"—are now provided by thoughtful hostesses to save the gowns of their visitors from the effects of buttered scones, greasy muffins, &c. Mr. Punch hopes to see this pretty and cleanly idea developed a little.]

Male Visitor. "Now, DEAR, IF YOU'LL JUST TIE MY MOUSTACHE-GUARD AND PIN DOWN THIS BUTTER-PROOF BID, I SHALL BE QUITE READY FOR TEA."

FUMING AND FROTHING.

(A Selection from forthcoming Leaders in the D— T—.)

I.

"We have spoken of this detestable Bill with a moderation that has put a severe strain upon us. We have denounced it as a sordid and unspeakable outrage, as a leprous stain on the thin garb of false religious professions in which those who support it pretend to be clad. But it is something worse, far worse, than this. It is the elevation of chicanery and petty larceny into a fine art. Henceforth let no man shudder at the black-mailing brutality of any blackguardly Boanerges who may attempt to gouge out the orbs of vision of innocent and confiding Churchmen. This Bill—we say it with a full, nay with a complete and entire, sense of the responsibility attaching to our words—is the limit."

II.

"Of all the abandoned acts of virulent violence that have been perpetrated by a hypocritical set of *soi-disant* Cabinet Ministers upon the inert but palpitating body of morality this is without a doubt the most dastardly as

it is the most despicable. At this moment confiscation, naked and unashamed, is rearing her hateful head in our midst. With one hand she seizes the working man and crushes him to pulp. With the other she eviscerates the pallid publican, and boisterously beats the brewer down into the dust. How shall our judges reconcile it to their consciences to sentence the thief or to mete out a condign punishment to the fraudulent trustee, while the Chancellor of the Exchequer and his minions walk unabashed in the light of day with no one to say them nay? Whither is fled the manhood of England? If this system of gigantic robbery is to continue, if this scandal is to sap the vitals of the Empire, we give it up; we have no more to say, nor could we say it if we had."

Force Majeure.

"The Times implies that Lord TWEEDMOUTH in particular and the Government in general are capable of being 'influenced' by the Kaiser 'in German interests' in their dealing with the Navy Estimates. What nonsense is this!"—The Star.

Mr. MURRAY MACDONALD should be a proud man to-day.

VOX POPULI.

[Being thoughts on the recent by-elections.]

Two years ago—how Time does fly!—
Across the country rang a cry
Bell-like and clear (not quavery):—
“Down with the reptile Tory brood!
Down with the price of daily food!
And down with Chinese ‘Slavery’!”

As when of old some sacred Bird
Gave augury, the Liberals heard
And knew the heavenly token;
“England,” they said, “has made her choice;
It is the Sovereign People’s Voice;
A god, in fact, has spoken!”

But, now that Demos turns his coat
And they observe the Tariff vote
Swell up like vernal flora,
The Thing that bade Millennium come
Is called a piffing pendulum,
A popularis aura.

And yet we thank our natal star
That we are not as Frenchmen are,
Inconstant, jumpy, skittish;
That certain features well-defined
Which stamp the bulldog cast of mind
Are traits uniquely British!

Wobblers, I fear, we still shall be,
Like jelly or the aspen-tree
(Those types of instability),
Until our Women grace the poll
And graft on Man’s effeminate soul
Their own superb virility.

Meanwhile I do dislike to think
Our fate depends—to swim or sink—
On anything so chancy;
That shifts and veers all round the clock,
Behaving like a weather-cock,
To suit the breezes’ fancy.

One thought alone can yield me balm—
That, lapped in yon Olympian calm
Past Ossa piled on Pelion,
My Lords exist without the need
To bribe and flatter, coax and feed
This monstrous fine chameleon.

O. S.

THE SUFFRAGETTES’ BOOKSHELF.

In connection with the “Self-denial” Week organised by Mrs. PETHICK LAWRENCE and the N.W.S.P.U., a number of authors have contributed copies of their works, some autographed, some bearing appropriate inscriptions, which are now on sale at the modest price of one guinea each: the book being, one may hope, the gold, and the autograph merely the guinea stamp. Though unaccountably omitted from the list so far, we have every reason to believe that the following books must also have been received at Clement’s Inn:—

From Door to Door, BERNARD CAPES.

Knock at a Venture, EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

Charger and Chaser, NAT GOULD.

Can this be Love? LOUISA PARR.

The Taming of the Brute, FRANCES HARROD.

Recent Earthquakes, C. DAVIDSON.

Wild Nature Won by Kindness, MRS. BRIGHTWEN.

The Use of Words in Reasoning, ALFRED SIDGWICK.

A Breaker of Laws, PETT RIDGE.

À LA CHAMBRE DES PAIRES.

[As a direct consequence of the *Entente* many modifications of our social and parliamentary customs may be expected. The House of Lords, for instance, now, as ever, in the van of progress, will conduct its debates on the Education Bill after the lively French fashion.]

The Earl of Crewe. As to the single-school parishes, my Lords, we propose—

The Archbishop of Canterbury (interrupting). You are a criminal, an assassin.

[Great hubbub. Lord BEAUCHAMP advances rapidly on the Archbishop and slaps his face. The Bishop of LONDON, in endeavouring to protect the Primate, is hurled to the ground by Lord DENMAN. The Lord CHANCELLOR rings his bell. Lord ELGIN and Lord HALIFAX engage in single combat. Lord RIPON throws his hat at Lord CAWDOR. Order is at last restored.]

Lord Crewe. No, my Lords, it is not we who wish to pull down the lights of faith from heaven. It is—

The Bishop of Manchester. You are the last of the last. I hurl my defiance at you. I proclaim you a robber. (Sensation.)

The Earl of Crewe. The venerable Prelate has uttered a falsehood. I throw it back in his teeth. It is he who robs the widow and the orphan.

[Great uproar, in the midst of which Lord TWEEDMOUTH is seen butting with his head at the Bishop of St. ASAPH. Lord LANSDOWNE has in the meantime shaken his fist in Lord CREWE’S face. The floor is littered with tatters of lawn sleeves.]

The Bishop of Manchester. I call on the country to witness these abominable proceedings. The country will judge you. You are Thugs and the sons of Thugs.

The Earl of Crewe. No, it is you who are a Thug.

[Violent indignation on the episcopal benches.]

The Bishop of Manchester. I appeal to the protection of the Lord CHANCELLOR. Are we to be massacred by this band of brigands, this horde of parent-killers?

[The Earl of CREWE knocks the Bishop down and treads on his face, but is promptly attacked by Lord HALSBURY. Lord ROSEBURY faints, and is carried out, exclaiming, “Let us all die for the Flag.” The Lord CHANCELLOR in vain rings his bell. The sitting is suspended.]

Better Late than Never.

“There were a number of callers at 10, Downing Street this morning. Lord Althorpe (sic) called about 13.30.”—*Westminster Gazette*.

“Naturally the story of the play was severely dovetailed.”

Edinburgh Evening News.

The dramatic critic is confusing the Cusbat (*Columba palumbus*), or it may be the Rock Dove (*Columba livia*), with the Cur, which has no wings and is merely an inferior species of *Canidæ*.

“Wanted—By a Volunteer, a Military Great Coat for a week end manoeuvre. Willing to exchange large tin bath, with mug for same. Will re-exchange in May.”—*The Empire*.

If the advertiser is still doing business next October we will exchange a Panama and a pair of cricket boots for a fur coat. Re-exchange in May.

From the “Lost” column of *The Western Daily Mercury*.

“House, 2 sitting-rooms, kitchen, scullery, 4 bedrooms, bath, h. and c.; gas; garden, etc.”

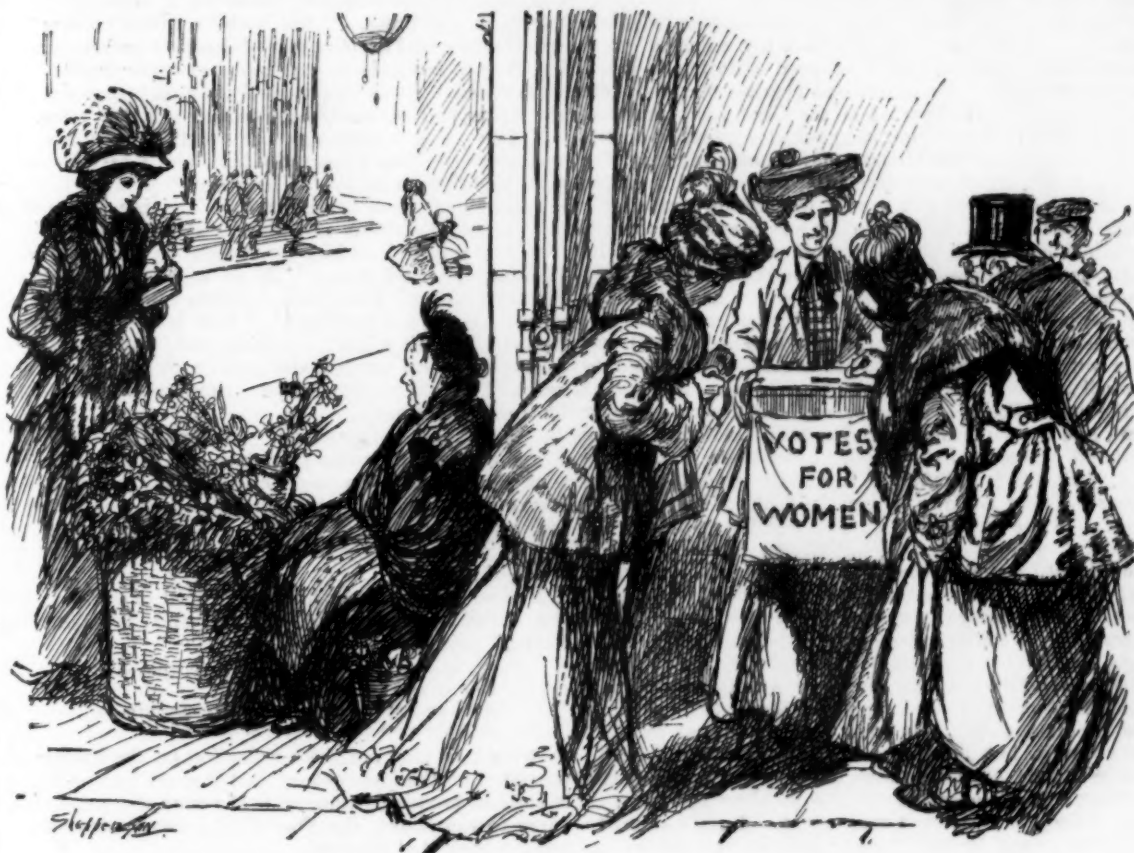
This savours a little of carelessness, as they said in *The Importance of being Earnest*.



WILCOCKS'S WEEK-END WAR.

FIRST ZAKKA (late arrival). "STARTED FIGHTING YET?"

SECOND DITTO. "MY DEAR FELLOW, IT'S ALL OVER. WE'RE JUST SINGING 'GOD SAVE THE KING!'"



"IN THE CAUSE OF OUR WORKING SISTERS."

(See Suffragette Manifestos.)

Flower Woman. "I WISH THEM SUFFRAGETTES WOULD MOVE ALONG. THEY'VE RUINED MY BUSINESS TO-DAY!"

REMINISCENCES OF A LAKE "POET."

SUMMER visitors to Bowness, Windermere, twenty-five or thirty years ago, could hardly fail to notice a small corrugated-iron stall on a patch of waste ground beside one of the lanes leading to the lake. Above this stall was an announcement that "The Poet CLEGG is here, selling his works." This, being more than the majority of poets succeed in achieving, naturally excited my desire to make his acquaintance—no very difficult matter, as he seemed rather to invite than shun publicity. I found him seated behind the open front of his hut; a stout elderly personage, fresh-coloured, with grey hair and short chin-beard, and light grey eyes like a shrewd but suspicious parrot's.

The divine frenzy was upon him just then, for he was feverishly scribbling a verse with a stubby pencil on the back of an envelope, so I had to wait until the Muse had taken flight. At length he looked up: "Are ye a person of consequence?" he inquired; which obliged me to confess that I was nobody in particular. "Well," he said, "I'll give ye just five minutes. There were two noblemen coom to see me the other day, looking like lords; I received them vera respectfully for half-an-hour, and at the end of that they offered me a shilling! 'No,'

I told them, 'ye've wasted half-an-hour of my valuable time, and then ye insult me with a shilling! Take back your shilling,' I said. 'Thank God, I'm in no want of shillings, any more than yourselves. I took ye for noblemen and gentlemen—and I find ye're neither!'"

"I count myself as high as TENNYSON every bit," he went on, "and my time's my money, and I don't ask any one to coom to talk to me. I'd rather they'd keep away, if they don't come to buy. What are you going to buy?"

I bought the Poet's "Tenth Grand Christmas Book, with fine Portraits and Grand Comic Cuts." Being a non-subscriber, I paid five-and-sixpence for it, "in a stiff cover." (I might have procured "the Queen's copy, in morocco and gold," for fifteen and sixpence; but I did not think I could quite afford it.)

TENNYSON was at Bowness only a while ago," he told me, "and would ye believe it, he was too prood—though he must ha' known I was here—to go these few steps out of his ro-ad to visit a Brother Po-at!" I endeavoured to express incredulity and astonishment. "I've never read any of his stoof," he continued; "I've no time to read other Po-ats. I like to use all my spare time writing out my own compositions. I'm my own Pooblisher. London pooblishers won't buy my copyrights—

times are so hard just now. But when I see the sort o' stoof they *do* prent, I can't read it!

"Ye may have heard that PALMERSTON granted me a pension? That was years ago, and my enemies got it taken away from me, and I've been agitating to get it back ever since!" I remembered hearing that his name had somehow been inserted in the Civil List, and that some member of the Opposition asked a question on the subject, and gave the House a few quotations from the Poet's works, which were received with roars of laughter, while the pension of £40 a year was withdrawn after a single payment. Which no doubt was very hard on him, though I could not help a private impression that he might consider himself lucky to have got even that forty pounds. "Well now," he said, "ye've bought one of my books—what *more* do ye want with me?" I am ashamed to confess that on this I represented that I was fired with an ambition to write verses, and wished to know if he would be willing to give me, say, six lessons in the art of Poetry. I was nearly thirty years younger then, and the temptation was irresistible. Now of course I should overcome it—at least, I trust so. "Eh," he said, "Po-atry's a thing ye canna be taught. It just cooms. There's times I feel it floating through my brain, like the air there. I mind well how I first coom to write. I was a lad of seventeen, and I'd had a quarrel with soom o' the Grammar School boys, and I told them: 'I defy ye, with all your Latin and all your Greek! I'll just go home and write a reply that shall crush ye!' I couldna sleep all that night, and the morn I got oop in my nightshirt and wrote a satire on the white-washed wall reet off, and copied it down on paper, and had it prented—and for three weeks the toon was like Election time! One big scholar wanted to fight me about it, but I said, 'Nay, I've won *my* battle!' And so I had! But I couldna tell ye whether ye've the makings of a Po-at in ye without ye show me soom of your attempts. . . Now I must away. I can't afford to talk with ye any longer; working here all day knocks me oop, and I have to write all night."

He was even more busy and important when I next requested an audience. "I can't attend to ye now," he said, "I'm correcting the proofs of my next Christmas book, and that's more important to the Pooblic, and more pleasant to *you* in the long run, ye know, than what ye've come about." But I persuaded him to glance at a little thing of my own—an Ode to the Moon, of which all I remember is that I compared her, when in crescent form, to "a paring from pale Dian's finger-nail," and inquired: "O Moon! Are Railways and the Electric Telegraph known to thee yet? Or will they be soon?" After reading it aloud, he remarked that he noticed I put my rhymes in the *middle* of a stanza, a liberty he never permitted himself, and asked whether I had counted the syllables in my last line. I owned that I had forgotten to do so, and he informed me that that kind of line was known in the profession as an "Alexandrian." When I ventured to ask him if he detected any promise in the poem, he was most encouraging. "It's grand!" he said; "there's a loftiness about it that shows me ye only want practice to be a Po-at. I'll tell ye what I'll *do* for ye. I'll print this poem in my next Christmas number, and have a picture put to it, for I keep an artist, though I don't wish it to get about. There'll be Doochesses reading it! And I'll only charge ye seven-and-six for setting it oop!"

No one had ever offered to be my publisher before; but as I couldn't see my way to advance seven-and-six the Doochesses never had the opportunity of reading my Ode to the Moon. Which is a pity, because I think it

would have appealed to them. The Poet then complained of the intemperate laudation of some of his admirers in the Press. "See here—a friendly thing they wrote of me in *The Ulverston Mirror*. I had it prented; but it goes beyond—it's almost too extravagant!" It was indeed. I was inexpressibly pained to perceive that the writer had obviously been pulling the Poet's leg.

"There was a man coom to me the other day, and wants me to write a poem for him, and I says to him—as I might to yourself—'Who *are* ye? I want to know all about ye.' And he tells me he's giving a lecture on all things in Heaven and Earth, and would I write a sketch saying well of him for the gentry and tradesmen. Hoo much would it be? 'If ye were a rich man I'd say ten guineas,' I told him, 'being, as I take ye to be, poor, it'll be five shillings.' 'Hoo long will it take?' he says. 'Half a day?' 'Bless ye!' says I, 'ye just take a toorn oop yon hill and coom back in five minutes, and I'll have it written for ye. Stand away! I feel the lines coming already!'

"*The Figaro*'s my friend," he continued, "and *The Graphic*. But they can't get me my pension back. I sent some verses oop to them, but—and mind this—it just shows their critic, though dootless a clever man in his way, is no judge of Po-atry. They only prented one o' the verses—the vera one I knew myself to be the worst of the lot!"

I wonder if it was on the same level of excellence as the following stanza of his "Grand Electioneering Poem," price 3d.:

"We sing not of great KINGS and ROYAL QUEENS,
Or even take a single glance
At GLADSTONE or great EARL of BEACONSFIELD
To make some fairly jump and dance!"

It may, or may not, be a reflection on the literary appreciation of the last century, but it must be stated that, in spite of producing thousands of verses of a quality fully equal to the above, the Poet CLEGG never succeeded in getting back that pension. F. A.

A BONA-FIDE CANDIDATE.

[The Fox International Centenary Society has offered a prize of 500 dollars for the best poem on POE by a "non-professional."]

THEY may turn away SWINBURNE and DOBSON,
PAUL RUBENS and ADRIAN ROSS,
And all others that only do jobs on
Condition you load them with dross;
They, no doubt, would have turned away SOUTHEY,
SHELLEY, WORDSWORTH, and even Lord B.;
But, dear reader, I'm sure you'll allow they
Can't turn away *me*.

Every editor, lesser or greater,
Who samples the odes I've composed,
Sends 'em back to me, sooner or later,
In my envelopes, stamped and enclosed.
I've a not altogether inept head;
I've pathos that's blended with fun;
Yet my poems have not been accepted—
No, never a one.

Then what matter that I have a lot of
Old manuscripts here in my room,
When, for all that the arbiters wot of,
I'm just in my virginal bloom?
For (as EDGAR himself would have said it)
I may be "senescent," yet oh!
I've at any rate this to my credit—
I can't be a pro!

NEW PARTIES IN POLITICS.

(Special to "Punch.")

THE proposal mooted in the correspondence columns of our esteemed contemporary to form a *Spectator* Party in politics, has stirred the nation to its depths. Wellington Street has been practically blocked for the last few days by myriads of ardent partisans anxious to enrol themselves under the banner of the gifted editor; and the daily *queue*, carefully shepherded by the police, has equalled if not eclipsed that of the audiences of *The Christian*. But it was hardly to be expected that the example set by *The Spectator* should not lead to emulation and imitation, and already it is becoming overwhelmingly apparent that a number of similar parties are likely to be formed, with results most beneficial to the variety and picturesqueness of political life.

Foremost amongst the rival groups is *The Observer* Party. The leader, needless to say, is that redoubtable publicist Mr. J. L. GARVIN, who is already hailed as the MASSINGHAM of the Tariff Reformers. Confident of capturing a sufficient number of seats to place them in an absolute majority over all other groups combined, *The Observer* Party have already formed their Cabinet. Mr. LEO MAXSE will, of course, be Prime Minister, while Mr. GARVIN, by his vast abilities as a financier, is obviously marked out for the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Foreign Minister will be Sir ROWLAND BLENNERHASSETT; the Secretary for War, Mr. IGNOTUS, and the First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. CALCHAS. Mr. L. S. AMERY has kindly consented to act as Colonial Secretary, and minor posts in the Administration will be filled by Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, Mr. WALTER LONG, and Mr. BONAR LAW.

The Observer Party, it will be admitted, is a powerful combination, but *Pearson's* Party is hardly less formidable. Here, again, a prospective Cabinet has been formed, with Mr. C. ARTHUR PEARSON as Premier and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr. PETER KEARY as Foreign Secretary, with a seat in the Lords as Lord KEARY of M.A.P. Mr. GAMAGE will be President of the Board of Trade; Sir THOMAS LIPTON, First Lord of the Admiralty; Mr. LYONS, Minister for Education, and Mr. BARKER, Secretary for War. The badge and emblem of *Pearson's* Party will be a peony, and its war-cry, "Get On or Get Out."

For sheer brain-power, however,



Mistress. "GOOD GRACIOUS, COOK, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO THE COAL-SCUTTLE?"

Cook. "WELL, IT WAS LIKE THIS, MUM. I WAS A-FILLING OF IT IN THE COAL-CELLAR, WHEN A ENORMOUS AVALANCHE COMMENCED TO DESCEND FROM THE TOP. IT WAS ME OR THE SCUTTLE, MUM; AND I LEAVE YOU TO JUDGE WHICH WAS THE MOST VALUABLE!"

[Whatever doubt there may have been before, Cook is now an easy first.

The British Weekly Party probably stands unrivalled. As yet no apportionment of posts has been officially announced, but we understand that Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL will contest the City, Messrs. HODDER and STOUTON will stand for two Railway constituencies, while Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER will court the suffrages of London University, and Mr. CLAUDIUS CLEAR will storm Tunbridge, Maidstone, or some other Kentish stronghold.

Other parties in a less forward state of organisation are the *Tit-bits* Party, the *Home Chat* Party, and *The Exchange and Mart* Party, but the full range of their activities has not yet been precisely defined.

With regard to *The Spectator* some further details may be of interest to

our readers. For instance, every intending member is obliged to sign an attestation paper declaring his readiness to support cat-and-dog suffrage and free breakfasts to a number of birds, including thrushes, robins, wrens, woodpeckers, and tom-tits, though the inclusion of the latter may cause some confusion with the *Tit-bits* party. Members of *The Spectator* party, again, must all possess (a) a rifle or (b) a Morris tube or (c) a Mauser pistol. Their wardrobe must include a slouch hat, a bandolier, and a copy of *BASTIAT'S Economic Fallacies*.

Circumstances alter Cases.

"His 'apologia pro mea infirmitate' did not help him much among his colleagues." No wonder.

TAKING STOCK.

BEATRICE has been spring-cleaning me to-day, or rather my clothes. I said, wasn't it rather early for it, as none of the birds were singing properly yet, and she had much better wait till next year; but no, she *would* do it *now*. BEATRICE is my sister-in-law, and she said— Well, I forget what she did say, but she took a whole bundle of things away with her in a cab; and I *know* JOHN will be wearing that fancy shirt of mine to-morrow. As a matter of fact it was a perfectly new one, and I was only waiting till Lent was over.

BEATRICE said the things were all lying about anyhow, and how I ever found anything to put on she didn't know; but I could have told her that they were all arranged on a symmetrical plan of my own. BEATRICE doesn't understand the symmetry of a bachelor's mind. I like a collar in each drawer, and then whatever drawer you open there's a collar ready for you. BEATRICE puts them all in one drawer, and then if you're in a hurry, and open the wrong drawer by mistake, you probably go up to the office in two waistcoats and no collar at all. That would be very awkward.

BEATRICE actually wanted a braces drawer—(if she hadn't married JOHN I should never let her talk to me about braces)—but I explained that I only had one pair, and was wearing those, so that it would be absurd. I expect she wanted me to think that JOHN had two pairs. All I can say is that, if he has, he ought to be above taking my best shirt. . . .

I don't think the waistcoat drawer will be a success. There are twenty-three of them, and some of them don't blend at all well. Twenty-three in one drawer—you know there are bound to be disputes. I see William has got to the top already. Ah! he was a fine fellow, the first I ever had. I don't quite know how to describe him, but in colour he was emerald green, with bits of red silk peeping through. Sort of open-work, you know, only where you would expect to see me there was more of William. I wore him at BEATRICE's wedding. He *would* come. Only he wouldn't let me into the vestry. I wanted to sign my name; all the others were. I have never worn him since that day; but BEATRICE has fished him out, and now he lies on the very top of the drawer.

Of course it's awfully good of BEATRICE to take so much trouble about my clothes, and I'm extremely grateful, and after all she did marry

my brother JOHN; but I think sometimes she— Well, here's a case. You know, when you have twenty-three waistcoats you perhaps run a bit short of—of other things. So, naturally, the few you have got left you— Well, BEATRICE took them all away, and said that as I couldn't possibly wear them again she'd cut them up for house-cloths. And really—half way between winter and summer is a very awkward time for re-stocking. But I suppose it is going to be warmer now?

House-cloths! I bet JOHN has a go at them first.

BEATRICE found what they call in the profession a "morning-coat and vest" under the bed, and said that she would take it away and sell it for me. I like the way she "finds" things which I have been keeping for years under the bed. It is absurd to talk about "finding" anything in a small flat, because of course it's there all the time; but BEATRICE thought that I ought to be grateful to her for her discovery, so I pretended I was. She said she would get at least half-a-crown for it; but I said I would rather have the coat. However, it turned out that I wasn't even to have had the half-crown. . . .

I used to have thirty pairs of old white gloves in a drawer. I would take them out sometimes, and stroke them affectionately, and say, "Ah, yes, those were the ones I wore at that absolutely ripping dance when I first met CYNTHIA, and we had supper together. You can see where I spilt the ice pudding." Or—"This was that Hunt Ball, when I knew nobody and danced with HILDEGARDE all the time. She wore black. Just look at them now." Well, BEATRICE had that drawer out pretty quick. And now they are on their way to Perth or Paris, or wherever it is; except HILDEGARDE's pair, which will just do for the girl when she cleans the grates. I expect she really will get them, you know; because JOHN doesn't dance.

You know, you mustn't make too much fun of BEATRICE; she has ripping ideas sometimes. She filled a "summer-trunk" for me—a trunk full of all the clothes I am going to want in the summer. She started with a tennis racket (which, strictly speaking, isn't clothes at all), and went on with some of the jolliest light waistcoats you ever saw; it made me quite hot to look at them. Well now, that's really a good idea, so far as it goes. But what will happen when the summer does come? Why, we shall have to go through the whole business all over again. And

who'll arrange the winter-trunk? BEATRICE. And who'll get the green pyjamas and the purple socks that there's really no room for, dear? Why, JOHN.

Yet I am sorry for JOHN. He was once as I am. What a life is his now. BEATRICE is a dear, and I will allow no one to say a word against her, but she doesn't understand that trousers must be folded, not hung; that a collar which has once been a collar can never be opened out and turned into a cuff (supposing one wore cuffs); and that a school eleven blazer, even if it happens to be pink, must not be cut down into a dressing-jacket for the little one. Poor JOHN! Yes, I am glad now that he has that shirt of mine. It is perhaps a little too bright for his complexion, perhaps he has not *quite* the air to carry it off; but I am glad that it is his. Now I think of it I have a tie and a pair of socks that would go well with it; and even William—can I part with William?—yes, he shall have William. Oh, I see that I must be kind to JOHN.

Dear BEATRICE! I wonder when I shall have everything straight again.

A. A. M.

CHARIVARIA.

"KING LEOPOLD," we read, "is now doing what he can to re-establish himself in the good opinion of his subjects. Last week he unexpectedly drove from the palace to a fancy-dress ball at the town hall, where he chatted freely with the dancers." But we were under the impression that he had already made a certain reputation by this amiable habit of chatting freely—very freely sometimes—with dancers.

A wonderful case of a lady singer who had a double was mentioned in the papers the other day. This reminds us that most of the foreign ladies who take part in Grand Opera look as if they are at least the double of someone else.

The Bishop of LONDON's expression of belief that healthy games would save the Russians from all thoughts of plots and revolutions has attracted much attention in St. Petersburg, and a beginning, we hear, is shortly to be made with an attempt to teach a number of moujiks to play golf and diabolos, which it is hoped will supplant the present unhealthy practice of putting the shot and tossing the bomb.

Thirty mock marriages gone through in fun at a "freak ball" at Coney Island, New York, have been declared binding. This, it is thought, is the grimmest jest of the century.

It is interesting to see how motor-car terms are coming into everyday use, and are being applied to extraneous objects. For instance, under the heading "Servants Wanted" we came across an advertisement the other day for an "h.p. maid."

No more dropped aitches, we hope! A machine called "The Aspirator" has been invented for servants.

The Semi-teetotal Movement has received a set-back. The proprietor of an inn at Woking has been fined forty pounds for watering beer.

On view now at the New Gallery:—Fair Women by Unfair Painters.

We understand that no action is to be taken by the Board of Trade against the South Eastern and Chatham Railway Company in regard to the recent excessive speed of one of their express trains. The Directors' pathetic plea that the conduct of their line had hitherto been beyond reproach in this respect was held to be unanswerable.

It is rumoured that the theatre managers who so dearly love the Censor are about to petition for an extension of his powers. They are desirous that he shall have authority to prohibit those public proceedings in the Divorce Court, by the side of which the most daring theatrical production is apt to appear tame and insipid, and consequently fails to attract.

A correspondent writes to ask us what he should do when his doctor pays him more visits than are necessary. We would remind our correspondent of the old saying:

"An apple a day
Keeps the doctor away."

But the apple must, of course, be well aimed.

"Although the population of Chiswick and Acton is 80,000, only two persons," it is stated, "were arrested in the combined districts during the last three days of February." The local police force certainly ought to be strengthened.

STUDIES IN TACT.



A GENTLEMAN, Mr. B. S., IS PAYING AN EARLY MORNING CALL AT A HOUSE HE HAS NEVER BEFORE VISITED. FINDING NO ONE ABOUT, HE IS TEMPTED TO INSPECT THE PLATE, AND AFTERWARDS VARIOUS OBJECTS OF VERTU IN THE DRAWING-ROOM. WHILE SO DOING HE HEARS APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS, AND FEELS THAT HIS CURIOSITY MAY BE CONSIDERED IMPERTINENT. WHAT SHOULD Mr. B. S. DO?



MR. B. S. SHOULD HURRIEDLY SEAT HIMSELF AT THE PIANO, AND WHEN THE OWNER OF THE HOUSE ENTERS SHOULD SAY TO HIM, "SIR, I HAVE COME TO TUNE THE PIANO. UNFORTUNATELY I LEFT MY TUNING-FORK AT HOME, SO TOOK THE LIBERTY OF SUPPLYING THE OMISSION FROM YOUR PLATE-BASKET." N.B.—PLAUSIBLE AS THIS MAY SOUND, MR. B. S. SHOULD NEVERTHELESS SEIZE THE VERY FIRST CHANCE OF CLEARING OUT.



"MY DEAR BOY, WHY THIS GLOOM?"

"WELL, THE FACT IS I'M AN ENGLISH CHURCHMAN AND A SCOTCH LANDLORD AND AN IRISH CATTLE-GRAZER AND A SHAREHOLDER IN THE UNITED KINGDOM BREWERY, AND MY ONLY HOPE IS IN THE LORDS!"

THE PRESS AND THE LION.

I.—"THE PROTECTIONIST."

... We have the more pleasure in joining in the chorus of felicitation upon Mr. NESTORITH's eightieth birthday because we can so confidently claim him as an adherent to the great cause of Tariff Reform. Again and again in his works, more particularly the political novels, such as *Holloway's Career*, may be found the strongest possible suggestions that their author is under no misapprehension as to the necessity for Protection if England is again to occupy her old proud position among the nations. . .

II.—"THE FREE TRADER."

The eightieth birthday occurs to-day of perhaps the grandest Free Trader now living, one who is old enough to remember England under Protection, and who has never faltered from the flag—Mr. GEORGE NESTORITH, the novelist. Of his literary attainments we speak later; but first let it be put on record that no one can read his works with an open mind, destitute of party bias, without being conscious of his intense love of the open market. As a novelist. . .

III.—"THE CHRISTIAN ADVERTISER."

Our hearts are filled with unctuous joy at the thought that that great

and valiant swordsman for the truth, Mr. NESTORITH, has been spared to attain his eightieth birthday. What English literature would be like were it not for the presence of such simple faithful souls we tremble to think. Superficially, we are aware, Mr. NESTORITH has now and then suggested that he could not consider everything in this world to be for the best; yet read properly, with Christian tolerance and imaginative sympathy, there is not a word in all his many and wonderful works that does not breathe a beautiful spirit of resignation and hope.

IV.—"THE FREETHINKER."

All freethinkers should rejoice in the continued vigour and intellect that are enjoyed by Mr. NESTORITH, the novelist, whose eightieth birthday has just been kept. In all his works he has consistently brought to bear upon superstitions the white light of irony and wit. He has never paltered with his conscience, which probably is one reason why his name is so much better known than his writings.

V.—"THE SUFFRAGIST."

It is with the greatest possible pleasure that we wish "many happy returns of the day" to Mr. NESTORITH, the great novelist, not only because we admire his work, but because he has shown himself so warm a friend to our cause. . .

VI.—"THE ANTI-SUFFRAGIST."

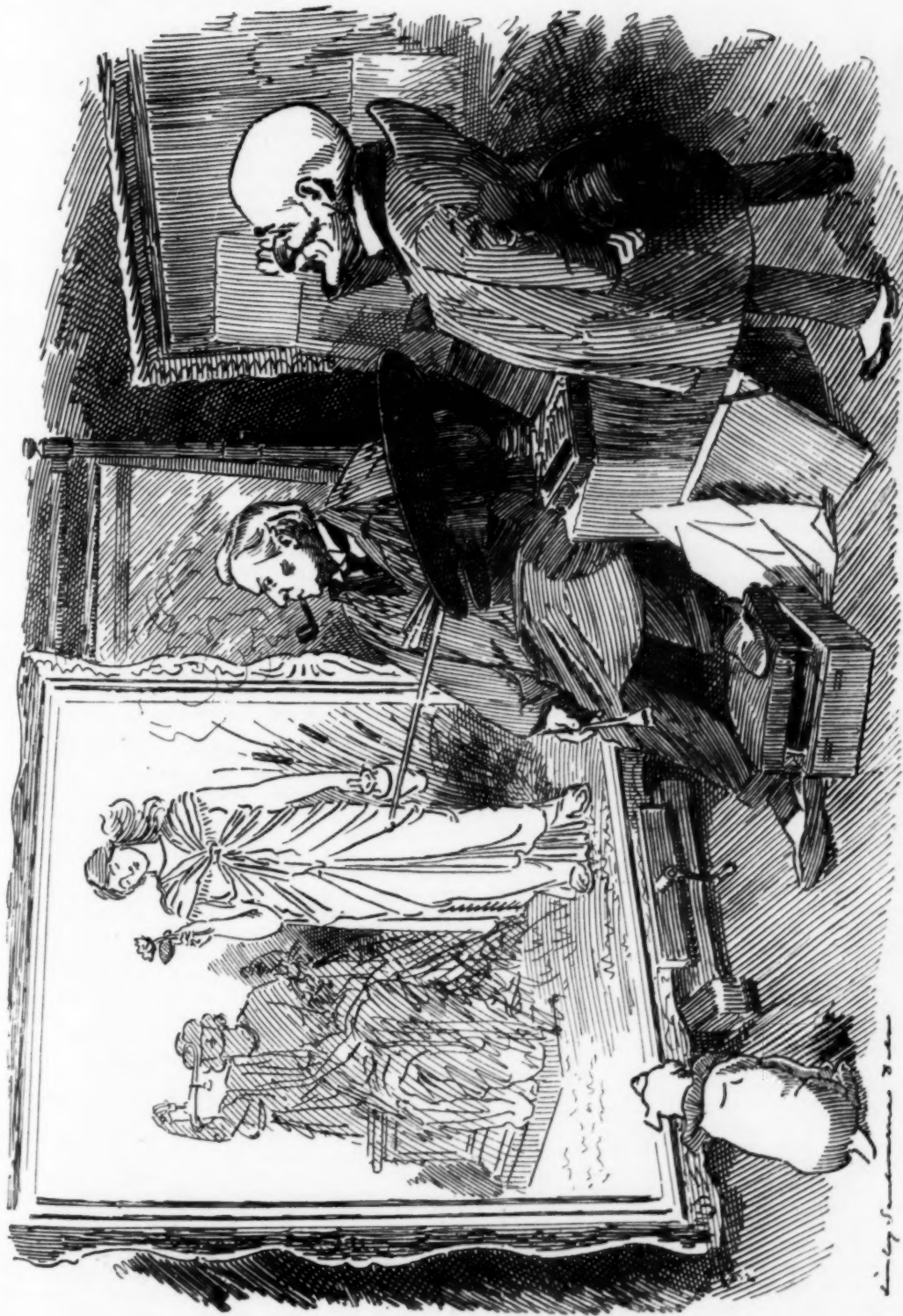
It is pleasant to think that one of the last public pronouncements made by Mr. NESTORITH before entering upon his eighty-first year was a rebuke of the militant pantechnicon brigade for their unwomanly and unseemly tactics. When criticism comes from such men as this, the honoured of the nation, it cannot be lightly set aside even by the political Menad and the vote-desiring Bacchanal.

"Here are some curious points about Leap Year Day as recorded by *The Observer*. A man at Clapham celebrated his tenth birthday on the same day on which his daughter celebrated her twenty-second."

If his daughter is really eighty-eight years old the father must be considered lucky to be only forty or so.

As Others See Us.

"Sua figlia. . . si è sposata in Inghilterra col Signor. . . fellow dell' Università di Cambridge." — *Il Giornale d' Italia*.



A QUESTION OF "VALUES."

MR. PUNCH (*Critic, to Mr. Asquith*). "ADMIRABLE YOUR FIGURE OF TEMPERANCE; BUT DON'T YOU THINK YOU'VE LEFT YOUR JUSTICE A LITTLE SKETCHY?"

[Many of the Public who are in close sympathy with the schemes of social reform embodied in the Licensing Bill consider that it would be improved by an extension of the Time Limit.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 2.—Much talk during last three weeks of revolt in Ministerial ranks on question of expenditure on Army and Navy. Almost the last time C.B. appeared on Treasury Bench he warded off impending blow by suggesting that MURRAY MACDONALD's resolution, insisting on reduction, should be postponed till Army and Navy Estimates were presented. Then, as he observed with affected ignorance of Parliamentary methods, Members would know exactly what they were talking about.

C.B. been in the House long enough to know that that condition is immaterial to the moving of resolutions or the making of speeches. If it is to be rigorously insisted upon, many of us will be reduced to silence and inaction.

However, to-day solemnly set apart for the pow-wow. Opposition crowded in to enjoy spectacle of Ministers baited by their own followers. It wouldn't do for them to support Resolution put forward by gentlemen who know more about the Army than N. BONAPARTE HALDANE, are more intimate with the working of the Navy than JACK FISHER. But a schism in Ministerial ranks always pleasant for contemplation from benches opposite.

Full muster of Ministerialists. The Independent Labour men were seated in serried rows below Gangway insisting on reduction of warlike expenditure. The cost of a *Dreadnought* or two, the disbandment of a few battalions of the Line, would go some way towards providing old-age pensions or making easier the lot of the Unemployed, who at Maidenhead the other day refused to turn the crank that prepared the morning chips for the pampered householder.

Looking round the crowded benches, taking note of the varied sections, the experienced eye discerned material for debate and division damaging even to the master of legions. In other circumstances prognostication might have been realised. Suppose, for example, that before LLOYD-GEORGE found salvation on Treasury Bench he had undertaken to lead this attack on the Government. Things would have hummed. MURRAY MACDONALD not an ideal crusader. There is about him a subtle, indescribable but unmistakable Bow-and-Bromley manner that stifles enthusiasm. In low voice, with hurried enunciation, he read a



A PRETTY WIT VERSUS A MIGHTY INTELLECT.

The Hon. F. W. Lambton chaffs Mr. Hildene on Army Estimates.

paper on the virtue of economy, our friendly relations with Foreign Powers, and the righteousness of retrenchment in the expenditure on armaments.

The effect on JOHN BRUNNER of the reading of the paper was remarkable. Whilst others were depressed, he was in merriest mood. Assuming an easy attitude and a conversational tone, he delighted the House with certain autobiographical details, chiefly relating to visits to Paris and Berlin. On one of the former, welcomed and fed—JOHN seems to have dined impartially in both capitals—by a representative body of Frenchmen, a native orator addressed him at length.

"A most beautiful speech," said J. B., his eyes uplifted to the gas-lit roof in ecstatic recollection.

It had reference to a jaunt of Trades Unionists to Paris. The orator remarked upon the circumstance that winter preceded spring; spring's deft fingers touched the sward and lo! the crocus bloomed. Then, in the ordinary course of things, comes summer with its wealth of fruit and foliage. The poetic fancy of the orator somehow linked the arrival of the Trades Unionists on the Boulevard with the coming of summer.

It doesn't work out very well in English. The Labour Members were anxious that JOHN should quote the

text in French. He, suddenly remembering that the passage had nothing to do with the Resolution he had risen to second, returned to his notes.

Bucked up again when he got to Berlin, this time carrying the red dispatch box and the dignity of Royal Commissioner. Spent what he admitted was "a convivial evening" with German hosts. When he was leaving one of them said, "I don't trust you yet."

Regarded as a remark having personal bearing, this at once unkind and unjust. Not an honest, more reliable man in the Commons than Member for Northwich. House understood that the thing was an allegory. The convivial German, embodying for the moment the Fatherland, and regarding J. B. as representing Great Britain and Ireland, waggishly admonished him.

In the end, which didn't come till close of an eight hours' day of talk, MACDONALD's Resolution was negatived by 320 votes against 73. ASQUITH had placed on paper a deftly drawn amendment, bland with pleasing generalities. Eleven o'clock struck before it was reached, after which hour opposed business may not be taken. PRINCE ARTHUR proposing to move amendment, debate collapsed, a right conclusion of the matter from an artistic point of view.

Business done.—None.

Tuesday.—Whilst Cousin HUGH was still with us, going strong on the Fiscal Question, PRINCE ARTHUR used occasionally to remark with deep-drawn sigh, "Life would be endurable but for its cousins. They are worse than other facts and figures." Cousin HUGH is now afar off in the wilderness, leaving the House lamenting. Facts and figures remain, and from time to time PRINCE ARTHUR stumbles over them. To have them further complicated by the incidence of Leap Year is enough to daunt a less resolute heart.

Matters especially perplexing this evening. Motion to go into Committee on Navy Estimates. Preliminary tussle. Important section of Ministerialists take up their parable against bloated armaments. Opposition insist they 're not bloated nearly enough. Financial Secretary to Admiralty goes minutely into figures to show that what has been achieved at Whitehall is the *juste milieu*, the line of perfection on which is marked absolute security combined with perfection of economy. To prove his case cites columns of figures, setting forth what Germany and England are severally doing in matter of destroyers, torpedo boats (first-class and second-class), submarines and eke cruisers.

PRINCE ARTHUR, patiently listening hour after hour, at length steps in. His point is to show that though the necessities of the current year have been fairly met, overwhelming demands on the Exchequer will be made in 1909. Starts cautiously.

"The year 1908," he said, "consists of only 12 months."

No one objecting to this, some even applauding, he proceeded, "Those months will soon be through. When 1909 begins, it will be found that an expenditure not inadequate for the necessities of the 365 days—"

Here in half a dozen voices swiftly came the correction. "Three hundred and sixty-six." Not noticing the interruption nor acknowledging, whilst adopting, the correction, he went on—"the necessities of the 366 days—"

Shouts of "Three sixty-five" burst forth.

Things growing desperate. Which was it? Hit high or hit low—366 or 365—he could not please them. Only thing to do was to ignore interruption and finish his sentence. This he proceeded to do. Resuming his seat he furtively drew forth his pocket-book. Spent some time with the assistance of almanack in working out the puzzle whether there are 365 days in the year or 366.



WRESTLING WITH THAT WRETCHED ARITHMETIC.

"Excepting Leap-year, at which time February's days are twenty-nine."
(Mr. B-H-r hovers between 365 and 366.)

Business done.—Got into Committee on Navy Estimates.

Friday.—Three years ago the House was mystified, and debate on Fiscal matters conveniently relegated



"WROP IN MYST'RY."

Lord Arthur Hill feels a yearning for the old familiar post of Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds, — and retires for the second time.

to background, by what was known as The Strange Case of Sir CARNE RASCH. The Member for Chelmsford, whose absence and its cause are to-day regretted in both political camps, had been seen by such responsible witnesses as Sir ARTHUR HAYTER, MEYSEY - THOMPSON, and GILBERT PARKER, in his usual place above the Gangway at a time when he was certified to be confined to his bed by illness.

Analogous case has of late ruffled meditation of Members. A quarter of a century ago one of the most familiar figures in the House was the tall, slim, upright one of Lord ARTHUR HILL. Returned for Kilmarnock in 1877, he from '80 to '98 represented a division of County Down. For thirteen years he acted as Whip of the Unionist Party. Ten years ago he retired from the scene, giving place to his son ARTHUR.

Since the new Session opened what seemed to be the wraith of the old Whip returned to his familiar place. He was seen in the Lobby as of yore, save that, being no longer a Whip, he wore his hat. He was frequently observed sitting solitary in a side gallery, looking down on the strangely altered scene. He spoke to few, and few addressed him. He took no part in debate, and was not eager to participate in division.

New turn given to the mystery by issue of a writ for the election of a Member for the Western Division of County Down "to serve in the place of Lord ARTHUR HILL, who since his election has accepted post of Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds." This varies the mystery, but does not explain it. Why should an old Member, yearning for the scenes of yore, go through trouble and expense of contested election, wander about the House for a month, and then resign? The wraith accounted for, there still remains something uncanny about the incident.

Business done.—Second Reading of Education (Local Authorities) Bill.

"In the World"—There are rumours of a marriage in the future that may, if it comes off, cause a good deal of comment."

This has been "overheard by the Little Bird" in the *Gentlewoman* at great expense. How these little creatures do pick up things, to be sure!

"It is not difficult to estimate how much the large firms who are still selling at 1s. 2d. per lb. (13s. 8d. per cwt.) are presenting to the public with each pound they sell."—*Daily Mail*.

These calculations are much more difficult than they look, however.



Dealer (to distinguished foreigner, who is buying a horse). "WELL, 'OW DO YOU LIKE 'IM?"

D. F. "I LIKE NOT HIS LEAPS."

Dealer. "WELL, I'M SURE 'E AIN'T A STICKY 'ORSE."

D. F. "STICKY? NO. HE IS NOT ENOUGH STICKY. WHEN HE LEAP I DO NOT ADHERE!"

THE REGIMENTAL GAZEKA.

["The 3rd V.B. Northumberland Fusiliers' Mess Gazeka is dead."—Local Paper.]

IN the Mess-room of the 3rd Corps,
In the wainscot by the doorway,
Lived our little Mess Gazeka,
Lived our regimental bogey.

No one truly ever saw him,
Though some said he wore a hair tuft
And declared they'd seen him
hopping
On the carpet after dinner;
Yet his voice was heard by all men
Once or twice at least each evening,
Queerly comic, bubbly peevish,
Partly whistle, partly choking,
Like a trombone filled with porridge.

At the usual yearly meeting
Once there rose a windy speaker,
Spoke of many things and varied,
Things beyond the ken of all men;
But at length his voice was silent,
And he slowly settled downward;
Then there came from out the
wainscot

Such a sudden burst of cheering,
Such a squirt of strangled joy notes,
That all present burst out laughing;

'Twas our little Mess Gazeka,
'Twas our regimental bogey.

When the corps all look their
brightest,
Red mess jackets—spotless waist-
coats—

And the silver, dragged from boxes,
Gleams amid the piles of roses,
Then the Story-teller tells 'em;

So our little Mess Gazeka
Hears the most appalling lies told,
Cannot bear it any longer,
And then off he goes in gruffles.
Hear him crinkle in the wainscot!
But the Mess Guest, glancing side-
ways,

Says in tones of awestruck wonder,
"What on earth 's that noise of
almonds,
Noise just like the taste of
almonds?"

And we all say, laughing lightly,

" 'Tis our little Mess Gazeka,
Pretty little Mess Gazeka.

You should see him drink his Bovril
Nine o'clock on Sunday mornings!
But he bites just something horrid,
So we keep him in the wainscot,
In the warm and quiet wainscot,

That is why you hear him gruffle,
When he 's pleased he always gruffles,
'Tis a habit that he 's got there
In the wainscot of an evening."
Then the Mess Guest, looking fur-
tive,
Talks of other things—of Battles,
Bullets, Ballets, Bandoleros—
Anything but what that noise was,
What that funny little noise was.

So the ever-changing years passed;
Comrades left or got promotion,
But our little Mess Gazeka
Gruffled, as of yore, to laughter—
Speeches, Stories, Thin No Trumppers,
In the warm and quiet wainscot,
In the wainscot of an evening.
But old Father Time was watching
(Ah, those sands that keep on run-
ning!),

So at length our Mess Gazeka
Fell away where all the rest go—
Fell away without saluting,
Tumbled down into oblivion,
In the February cleaning,
In the scrubbing and the cleaning;
For the sideboard alteration
Slew our regimental bogey,
Killed our little Mess Gazeka.

A ST. MARTIN'S LANE SUMMER.

REVIVAL OF "THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON"

SINCE I saw him last *Bill Crichton* has gained in virility, and that is what you want most on a desert island. Mr. LYN HARDING has the advantage of Mr. HARRY IRVING in the physique that is essential to the bucket business. He was perfect in his capacity of butler, and next best in the Second Act, where he is in the chrysalis stage of transitional manhood, having ceased to be a mere worm, and not yet blossomed out into a winged god. He was least good as "The Guv." In his exalted position he lacked the geniality that great rulers can afford. His face never relaxed even when he indulged in romantic sentiment, and it was here that his voice took on something of the portentousness of melodrama. Even in the dance there was only a physical, not a mental, unbending. True, in the old life he had always expressed the view that the condescension of *Lord Loam*, shown in the social entertainment of his menials, had been subversive of discipline and the right recognition of caste in the servants' hall. But here on the island there was no question of degrees of servitude. All were equal, being alike immeasurably removed from Mr. *Crichton's* own sphere. And, after all, it is incredible that a potentate so haughty and aloof could have held his slaves in such a state of sacrificial devotion.

As the *Earl of Loam*, Mr. ERIC LEWIS, though his manner smacks a little of the best Harley Street traditions, escapes the rather too farcical rotundity of the late Mr. KEMBLE's inimitable methods. Miss MIRIAM CLEMENTS cannot quite reproduce the intellectual agility of Miss IRENE VANBRUGH, but she has a more feminine charm. Miss HILDA TREVELYAN is an adorable *Tweeny*.

Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER is excellent as ever. Miss SYBIL CARLISLE and Miss MURIEL BEAUMONT have lost nothing of their natural grace; and Miss MARGARET FRASER's clever performance as *Fisher* makes one again regret the brevity of her part.

It is late in the day to find a new word of praise for this which is far the best of Mr. BARRIE's plays. The last Act was the only one ever open to serious attack, and I am certain the author justified himself of the conclusion which he is said to have preferred to another that came into his head. Women critics used to protest against the snobbishness of

Lady Mary Lasenby. She ought, they said, to have stuck to her second love. But she had no choice in the matter. *Bill Crichton* had too good a knowledge of the rules of "the game" to allow her to stay behind with him on the island; and in London it would have been more impossible still for him to countenance the sacrifice. He recognised with remarkable lucidity of soul that, if one environment may go far to make a man, another may go equally far and with equal propriety to unmake him. He was a stickler for Nature in her primal state, but also for the "second Nature" that is evolved from habit



"The Guv" in a transport of tender sentiment.
Mr. Crichton . . . Mr. Lyn Harding.
Lady Mary . . . Miss Miriam Clements.

and prescription. A notable philosopher, this *Crichton*, and gifted with a curious taste for detachment.

If I were to hazard a criticism of this delightful play it would be that on a second view of it—with the knowledge of what is coming when the gun goes off—there seems to be a certain air of factitiousness about the general enthusiasm for the *Simple Life*. I say nothing of the two protagonists or the parson; but if the rest of them were so enlarged and intoxicated by the healthy activity of their island picnic why should they leap for joy at the prospect of returning to the stuffy atmosphere of Mayfair, above or below stairs? I am sure there must have been a reason, deep-rooted in the imbecility of the race, and Mr. BARRIE could tell it me if he chose, for he knows so many good reasons for the strangest things.

O. S.

THE AMAZONS OF CLEMENT'S INN.

WHEN BOADICEA fought and died Did Britons laugh? Ah no—they cried.

Those tears we rather grudge her. She didn't give her Vote a thought Or use her chances as she ought— A little slack, we judge her.

How puerile, also, was her cause Compared to ours! With man-made laws

We're mercilessly fighting; We'll yet strew England with our dead,

Although, alas, no blood's been shed Up to the time of writing.

Oh! of this scorn we've had enough—

These constables who won't be rough, But gently pinch and pat us;

We want the military out, We want, with martial sword and shout,

The Guards to up and at us!

WEALTH WHILE YOU WAIT.

DEAR Mr. Punch,—“L.C.C. saves over £2,500,000.” This gratifying headline greeted me the other day as I opened my copy of *The Daily Mail*. You can imagine my pride as a Londoner, and my pleasure as a ratepayer! And the whole thing is so simple—simpler even than your own idea of renaming the coinage. The Council merely decided not to spend certain sums of money which had been estimated for various schemes. Mr. Punch, why shouldn't I too save like that?

I have begun already. Last year I estimated that a yacht such as would really do me justice should cost £5,000 a year, or, say, £150,000 capital. I didn't go in for it, so I am now the richer by that amount. And I hope to do much better still in the near future. The yacht will appear again on my balance-sheet for this year, but having saved £150,000 I can afford to have one rather better equipped. It would cost, say, £200,000. I shall save that sum too. Then I should like a racing stable. That could be run comfortably on the interest from £300,000, with an initial outlay of £150,000. Altogether that will make over three-quarters of a million saved by next Christmas.

Now, can you tell me the best way to invest this, or would you advise me to wait another year or two, and offer to pay off the National Debt?

Yours faithfully, RATEPAYER.



Old Man (whose thoughts have been turned by whisky to controversial topics). "CAN 'E TELL ME, SQUIRE, THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN 'CONTRACTING OUT' AND 'NON-PROVIDED' SCHOOLS?"

Squire. "GO AWAY HOME, MY MAN, AND COME TO ME AGAIN WHEN YOU'RE SOBER."

Old Man. "SOBER! NOBODY CARES FOR THEM SORT O' THINGS WHEN 'E'S SOBER!"

WALKER!

We live and learn, and doubtless it will be news to many persons to find that they have never really walked at all. They have merely put one foot before the other, which is a very different thing. Walking is a self-conscious accomplishment, only attained after years of thoughtful study at a desk. By the time a man is sixty he is perhaps qualified to go out and try his paces; but seldom before.

Children wish to walk properly, but we hastily do all we can to check them and impose artifice upon them. Hence they never walk again. They get there, may be, but not by walking.

Dr. HOOKEY, of Blisterville, Pa., who is perhaps the greatest walker in the world, knows all about it, and some of his knowledge has found its way to one of the magazine pages,

next the picture of the woman who suffers in silence, and above a spicy serial story of semitic life.

According to Dr. HOOKEY, who is introduced to English readers by H. H. DIDDLE, M.B. (Camb.), the walking in which we now indulge must go. In its place will be rational walking. Rational walking is done with a bent knee and a body flopping over it. By shuffling along in this way you go farther and faster, and are less tired. How very American—to be always going farther and faster! Most of the American latter-day gift-horses (which we have got into the useful if irritating habit of examining in the mouth) have borne the same recommendation.

But suppose one does not want to walk any faster or go any farther, and supposing one is not tired as it is, what then? Are we still to bend our knees and totter forward through life, or may we hold ourselves erect

once more, and try to look like independent gentlemen? If we do, says Dr. HOOKEY, we shall be defying science and practical wisdom. And the example set is of the American Indian, that first authority on the needs of city life. For if an Indian bends his knee to shuffle over broken ground how reasonable that we who walk on smooth pavements should do the same!

Never mind, it is good magazine-page filling.

"The water-colour drawing of Sir Edwin himself embracing Durham Cathedral and 'Tregothnan'—developed from a thumb-nail sketch at the time of the Prince of Wales's visit to Truro—elicited warm comment."

The Cornishman.

Seeing that it was a legitimate occasion for festivity, it was surely a little unkind to go and make a water-colour drawing out of the merest affair of sentiment,

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I HAVE been deceived by Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON. His reputation being what it is, he should have chosen some other title for his latest book than *The Man who was Thursday—A Nightmare*. Knowing my author, I supposed this was the story of a man who imagined himself to be one of the days of the week—Thursday. Conceive the anxiety of his life! People would always be doing things on him. "I've got to dance on Thursday," one man would say to another; or, "By the way, I'm playing football on Thursday." Poor Thursday! How grateful he would be to one who was simply going to "pay a call on Thursday"; and how anxious as to the weight of the man (as it might be Mr. CHESTERTON himself) who was "going to Brighton on Thursday." A nightmare, indeed. Well, that book remains to be written (by Mr. CHESTERTON or myself); this one—published by ARROWSMITH—is concerned with The Supreme Council of Anarchy, whose seven members were called after the days of the week. But it is none the less a nightmare, where everything happens absurdly yet inevitably, where one is always following and another fleeing, just as in a dream; a nightmare packed with adventure, wit and wisdom. I forgive Mr. CHESTERTON for not writing the other book, this one is so splendid. "Splendid," that is the word; it is illuminated with the shining spirit of G. K. C.

AGNES and EGER-TON CASTLE, like Mr. REGINALD McKENNA, have brought us a sword, but with this difference, that four-fifths of the stories in *Flower o' the Orange* (METHUEN) have a happier ending than is at present promised for Mr. McKENNA's little Bill. The Bishops, with their diagonal moves, are up against the Knighthood of Nonconformity, and stale mate is threatened. But the CASTLES have a simpler task. They move, as become Castles, only in a straight line, and they usually get there. The ten life-problems in their book, mostly variations on the theme in which White has to play and mate in two or three moves, are worked out with considerable ingenuity, especially those in which White wins his mate (and the inevitable orange-blossoms) at the point of his trusty rapier. In this age of non-corrosive ink and Hague Conferences it is refreshing to turn—particularly when led by guides so attractive—to the stirring days when in most hands the sword was still mightier than the pen, and when even WILL SHAKESPEARE learnt to be "a butcher of a silk button."

The hero of Mr. REGINALD TURNER's *Imperial Brown of Brixton* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) was rather a whole-hogging Brixtonian than an Imperialist; but moved, I

strongly suspect, by the thought that no one could know Brixton who only Brixton knew, he left his *Amelia* (she was a flirt), and went to Mouleville. The first chapter ends, "He was in bed—in France, in France—in bed. He was soon sound asleep." After a good night's rest he began a course of farcical misadventures. No circular tour could have made him giddier than he became through staying too long in one place. The author claims for him—in a dedication—that he is a "treat for an idle hour," and although I cannot deny the truth of that description I think that *Amelia*—flirt as she was—ought not to have been saddled with him for a lifetime. *Amelia* wanted somebody more solid and less susceptible, and Mr. Hodgekinson, the chief director of the Brixton Emporium, would have suited her splendidly. But perhaps he had a wife already.

In *Rodwell* (MURRAY) Miss VALENTINA HAWTREY tells the story of a family who are gambling away their estates. It is not a book for the sprinting reader. There is no breathless succession of thrills, no battle,

murder, and sudden—Stay, I am wrong. There are one or two sudden deaths, but they come upon you so gently that the shock is broken. The narrative deals actually with a period of forty-four years, and there are reminiscences of earlier ones. It begins with the birth of one of the *Rodwells'* tenant farmers, and it goes on until the infant has grown up, succeeded in business and married, and is getting the upper hand of the hereditary land-owners. The starting-place is under-



AN UNPROFITABLE CUSTOMER.

"HAIR CUT!"

standable enough, but I can find no very cogent reason for the position of the finishing-post. The tale stops short at one of the sudden deaths, and, excepting that the pace is different, it is exactly as if a bad toss at one of the jumps in the Grand National were the signal for the complete petrification of the whole show. Just as there you wouldn't know who won, so here you can't really tell who gets the best of it. Miss HAWTREY ought at least to have got the runners into the straight. I wish she had, for they are so carefully and so thoroughly portrayed that I was getting quite excited about a number of them.

A Fact.

Scene: A Post Office at Cardiff. Clergyman (sending telegram). Is "Pan-Anglican" one or two words?

Clerk (handing change). Two.

Clergyman: But I thought compounds of "Pan" counted as one?

Clerk (suddenly inspired). Of course—yes—like "pancake." (Returns another ha'penny.)